



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1905-06-15

**Letter from [Louie Strentzel Muir] to Wanda [Muir], 1905 Jun 15.**

Louie Muir

Martinez, Calif.  
June 15, 1905

My darling Wanda,

Your delightful letter has just come and though I have both laughed and cried over it, there is comfort in it too. I have just found Wilcox on the map and suppose that letters will come from there in about 2 days. O, it seems a long long way; and yet it is always near our own California.

Helen's precious letter came day before yesterday and I took it over to Aunt Margaret. She seemed pretty well, and said she would try to answer when you wrote.

A letter had just come from Grace Paulin saying she expected to be in Portland June 22, and



afterward she will come to Pacific Grove and here!

Uncle David had a letter from Carrie Owen inclosing a Los Angeles paper clipping which said that John Muir's daughters had been a week visiting at Mr. Lummis' and naturally she felt aggrieved. Her address is 2201 West 8<sup>th</sup> St. Los Angeles. Aunt Ette wrote her that you were only one day at Lummis' house.

The Will Muirs have the kitchen dining room, and our old room up stairs! to think of it!

Ette uses the lower east room for her dining room and has a kerosene stove there. No wonder she looked tired after all that moving and shifting about.

Uncle David seems pretty well. He gave me some delicious peaches

from the tree in the yard.

How I do wish I could send you all the box of glowing red raspberries that Mrs. Boss brought to day. Write if there is anything I can send to you.

I opened Dr. Merriam's letter thinking he might be coming ad once. Charlotte H. also writes a pretty note thanking for the cherries that her mother so much enjoyed.

Charlotte spent a week in Mendocino Co. and then 10 days in Carmel. She wishes you all a happy and fortunate summer.

O my beloved three, if ever loving wishes and earnest prayers can guard and help you, surely you will have a summer and a winter of good fortune.



Frances and Mr. Douglass telephoned that they would come Saturday on the Santa Fe to stay a while. They are both very well.

Keeney seems to be wondering why the place is so silent, though the birds are singing merrily as ever.

The weather is beautiful every morning, but the evenings are almost wintry, with great masses of blue fog rolling over Benicia and Mt. Diablo.

I am saying the Postman is coming so good bye.

Ever lovingly  
Mother.